

Thursday Decth 13th

1811. 17

My dear Fanny

before I began to write I thought I had a great deal to say to you and now I cannot recollect a word of any thing of consequence. You will find by the register I enclose that you are but 18. for which I am very sorry but the register will always be of use particularly when you are of age to show Mr. Abby without so good an evidence he might doubt you not. I like Mrs. Abby's attempt the other day to make you but seventeen - a worthless old woman. You will see that I have not forgotten the story told me I saw Mrs. Henderson yesterday but

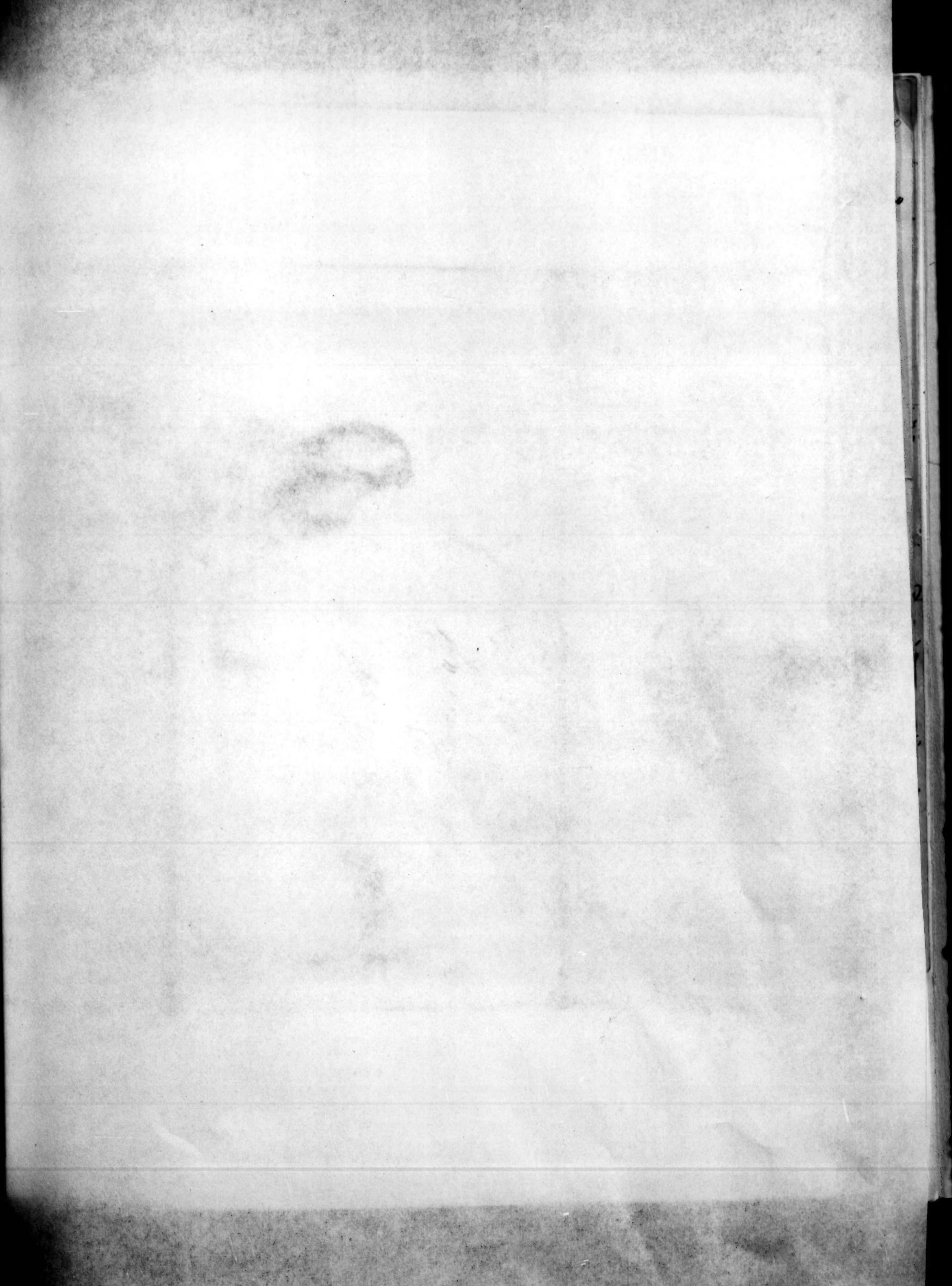
quite forgot to ask her about it - I dined with
Dilke a day or two after I saw you. She asked after ^{whether}
we were in town but luckily never enquired whether
had seen you yet so I equivocated which you know
much the same as telling a story at once and said
did not mean to call on you at present for fear
they's should think I came too often. True enough
We dine with them on Christmas day which is like
people's Christmas days melancholy enough. What
yours be? I ask that question in no exultation ~~as~~
cannot think it will be much worse than mine for
have to remember that three years ago was the happiest
day I had ever spent - but I will not touch
such subjects for there are much better times and w

to remember them - I think you will like great part
of the Indicator I sent you. There are two pieces of
poetry in it signed Faviane, by your brother. I never
open it for he is connected with every page -

Tuesday Dec^{mber} 18th. When I had written so far I was
called away and have never been able to finish till today -
I was at a party last night, the first real party
I have been to this year - You would have ~~laughed~~
~~laughed~~ had you seen me dressed out in
my cap &c - I did feel a little queer - I have not
written to Mr. Wylie nor am I sure that I shall ever
have common courage to do so - But you have no right to
blame me for a little modesty, so don't feel disappointed
if you never get the picture at all - To be sure it is
very dishonest of him to keep it. I shall if I can find
and lose you Mr. George's hair - and then you will not be

able to accuse me of any thing of the sort.
I remain my dear Fanny
yours most affectionately D

Finding it is impossible which coloured hair I liked best
of the two I now tie together and one flourishing on
my fair head, I have sent both. They will serve to shew
you the mutability of all human things. Though as
different as possible they were cut off within a year
of each other — how my hair must have changed
the better or worse. The oddest thing is the dark
one was cut off first.



fact
of

and off.

